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Food

THE CURRENT *Time* has a very pretty drawing of Secretary Wickard on its cover, and inside is a devastatingly complete treatment of the state of hunger and of food. "Hunger rode down the wind through the greenest Valley of Plenty in all the history of the world." And in that situation lies a handle for power. Wickard "thinks that the war can be won by feeding Britain and starving Europe. He thinks that then a peace can be written as the US wants it written, by the formulation of a sort of International Triple-A, based on world trade agreements. He further thinks that this Peace of Plenty can then be enforced by the club of threatened US production and subsidies."

Taken at face value, and *Time's* word, this is a scheme for ruthlessly concentrating international power in American hands. It probably wouldn't work for very long, and it is probably based on the notion that America has a manifest destiny to act *in loco parentis* for the rest of the dumb world. It is not a pretty idea.

Internally also the scheme involves cutting down man's liberty. Our farmers have gone wild producing things of which there is a world surplus. Now they are to be forced to produce other things, for which there is a world need.

In all this ordering from above there is one good element: it may push farmers toward diversifying their products and away from the one-crop system. At least, if the world falls apart, they would then be able to feed themselves. Which is carrion comfort.

What's in the "V"?

THE *V* or Beethoven campaign launched by England across the continent and counter-attacked quickly, if ingenuously, by the nazis, is the most interesting propaganda effort yet made by the English. It is, unfortunately, still a completely negative job. The opposition to Hitler has not yet presented Europe and the world with any serious concept of a solid order to take the place of German Empire. Nervously, and almost hysterically eager to prove their determination not to "capitulate" or "appease," the anti-nazis—both those engaged heroically in the war and those others in the grandstand engaged so ruthlessly in vicarious participation—have limited themselves practically exclusively to chest-beating and animal noises about crushing an increasing proportion of the German people. Consequently the European opposition to Hitlerism has given signs of life so far only in frivolous articles written at a safe distance by wishful journalists, and in infrequent utterances made by leaders of the Churches, which are societies not taken seriously by the active directors of actual operations.

Finally, however, an American official has spoken about the problems of peace. Sumner Welles projected the notion of "an association of nations . . ." exercising a "rigid form of international supervision and control." He spoke of "equal economic enjoyment" by all the peoples of the world. He brought into discussion again the question of the League, and he leveled just criticism against the powers which sabotaged and/or perverted the old League.

A development of this line of inquiry, and an implementation of it in action, appears to us absolutely necessary in order to bring any sort of set-up which has a ghost's chance of supplanting nazism and bringing a modicum of peace. International, or supernational, organization must be popularized.

But first there is a dilemma which has to be overcome. The "We or They" spirit is obviously not conducive to a just order. Acting Secretary Welles in the same speech quoted above added out of hand to the American policy of self defense and aid to Britain the next-to-final belligerent addition: "No peace until the Hitlerite government of Germany has been finally and utterly destroyed." This means, in the sphere of real expectations, that the German people are to have no power in fixing up the peace envisaged, if Hitler loses. The new association of nations would be set up unilaterally as was the old League. A revolution in Germany in order to bring that about does not

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seem likely, no matter how much Beethoven the BBC broadcasts. The dilemma's other horn is, of course, the small likelihood of Germany working out a decent order with the rest of the world while the nazi course runs smoothly.

As things are, the two irreconcilables completely block each other: Germany holds out for a settlement made on her terms, and the world dreads that settlement. England, Russia, the exiles, and the US fight for a settlement on their terms, and they give no real hint of what that settlement would be, and no confidence to the world, particular the strong German-speaking part of it, that it would be just. A third force for peace must be organized.

The United States could, with a different policy, assemble that third and necessary force. The moral and rational foundation does not have to be created out of nothing. There is the experience of history and of the League to call upon. The Papacy still stands, unregarded and without the material strength to impose a settlement, but a religious power whose temporal reason is peace on earth and whose worldly interest is the true reconciliation of nations. The National Conference of Christians and Jews is answering the demands for a consideration of war aims by dedicating its Institute of Human Relations this August to "The World We Want to Live In"—the problems of a just peace, a workable society. Catholics, Protestants, Jews, men of reason move naturally to the prospect of peace.

The people know that a war for the complete empire of one side or the other is unjust and unending. Instead of finally and wholly losing itself in one of the warring combinations, the United States should listen to these promptings of peace and build its strength for their support and not for the utter destruction of every other idea and force which challenges the nation's claim to complete empire, complete reason, and complete virtue. The peace will be cooperative, or not at all.

The "West Point" Brings Home Our Consuls

AGAIN AND AGAIN we have written about refugees in general and about the unhappy men and women of all nationalities who await in Lisbon permission and means to reach security in America. Driven in mass migration from their homes, unacceptable to the new order in Europe, they wait at the edge of Europe for the ship which will come to save them. And they wait in constant fear that the Axis will seize control of Portugal and put an end to whatever hope the braver of them have been able to retain. Together with a considerable number of Americans, we have never been able to understand nor condone what we feel has been—in spite of many protests to the contrary and in spite of a very real evidence of private generosity—an administrative policy of obstruction. America has made it increasingly difficult for refugees to secure visas and has done, as far as we know, nothing toward providing ships for the transportation of those certified as admissible. We have now sent the *West Point* to Lisbon—not for the refugees, but to bring back our consuls.

Kipling once wrote a story about the maiden voyage of a British freighter, in which the wood and steel, the pistons and the rivets all talked out loud like people as they settled down into a companionship, into a community of strength and devotion which made the ship a person with a destiny and courage and honor of her own. The taste for such fanciful writing has gone, although few of us have not been lastingly affected by the feeling it helped to give for ships and the sea, and we shall not pretend to know what the scuppers said to the keel when the *West Point* sailed for her first Atlantic crossing with her cargo of Axis consuls. We who work in New York saw her going down the bay: she spoke with a peculiarly grave voice and she looked nobly.

We cannot help thinking about how that ship will look to the refugees in Lisbon—when, turning westward, homeward, she gathers weigh and leaves them there, watching her draw off to the horizon until they can see her no more. They will be seeing the largest merchant ship we ever built leaving for America—half empty. In simpler days no ship would have left stranded and desperate men and women in peril. We knew and acknowledged the right of the shipwrecked. In our own day merchant ships of another nation stand as symbols of that nation's courage. And the heartless orders which prevent the *West Point* from making its first voyage a true mission of rescue humiliate the ship as they humiliate our country. The *West Point* was launched as the *America*. At least the Administration had the grace to change her name.

Adult Home Life and Crime

THE NEW YORK State Parole Board has made public a statistical analysis of the home influences surrounding the more than two thousand men whom it released to parole last year. It is not surprising to learn that these influences come under the heading, "poor." The term indeed might be supplemented by, or extended to include, the further term "non-existent" in many of the cases under scrutiny, for the already generally familiar picture of homes broken in youth by death, desertion and divorce is widened in this analysis to cover lack of home life in adult years. Less than 20 percent of the parolees were married and living with their wives at the time of the commission of their crimes. What is perhaps even more striking, 58 percent of the total had never married at all. Of the remainder, all except a negligible fraction maintaining common-law rela-

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tionships (2 percent) were widowed or divorced. Of course before these findings could become the basis for definitive conclusions, they would have to be checked against many others; on the other hand, there is every reason to think that they are broadly representative of the influences bearing upon moral character and social adjustment, or their absence. And viewed thus, as a general demonstration if not as mathematically verified proof, they prompt, from their separate angle, a question which must often be asked: why does our present society so completely neglect marriage and the home? There is wide and ever-growing appreciation among social thinkers, from the most orthodox to the most secular, of the rôle played by a normal home life in the wholesome development of the young citizen-to-be; studies like this present one of the Parole Board merely broaden conclusions already held. In addition, there is a multiplicity of means for dealing with the home when it goes wrong, materially or morally—home relief, courts of domestic relations, children's shelters. But there is little proportionate initial stress on the home, little tendency to organize society firmly about it, little care, in other words, to insure that it shall not go wrong in the first place. Industrialism has heavily penalized it; the resultant birth-control philosophy has seriously weakened it; and outside Catholic circles, there is no more than the beginning of a hesitant reorientation of thought regarding it. All this, of course, sharply defines the Catholic obligation. If the home is to be set in our midst again, as the normal center of life, the lead must be taken by those who know why.

Hague Challenged

THE FIGHT between Mayor Hague and Governor Edison of New Jersey is principally interesting to citizens of that commonwealth; yet the scandal of Hague has so long been given national publicity that any opposition to his power attracts national attention, especially when his opponent is the governor of his own state. The essence of the Hague system, as of any political system, is control over jobs. Rarely, however, has a boss succeeded so completely in getting power over jobs throughout an entire state: by using Hudson County as a determining vote in all elections, he even has "made" every recent governor. So it is a terrible breach of "loyalty" for Edison to have acted against the Mayor's will. It is also a breach all good citizens can applaud.

First Governor Edison appointed a judge who is not a Hague man. According to the Governor, there followed loud protests over the 'phone from the Winter City Hall (in Florida). Mayor Hague denies interest in the judgeship and the call. But that would not have been a good vote-getting issue.

Best to wait for something easier to scream at. The Stygian bog of railroad taxes was a "tailor-made issue." This problem principally concerns Jersey City, to which a number of railroads have not paid their taxes for years. They claim that to pay up, with penalties ($52,000,000) would bankrupt them. Yet to give them relief means that Jersey City will have to content itself with less money. The Governor and most competent experts believe the railroads are right: to pay their full back tax bill would, in fact, bankrupt them. The Governor (and now the State legislature) has acted on the principle that half a loaf is better than no bread. The penalties were eliminated, and future taxes based somewhat on earnings. Screams from the Hague organization. The people are bieng defrauded! Naturally, the Governor has blasted back. There, as we go to press, the battle rests.

Friends of clean government have been deeply disillusioned at the New Deal's willingness to be advantaged by Hague's political machine, and unwillingness in any way to disturb it. The Jersey situation seemed almost one for despair. Now, whatever the rights of the specific issue, a strong-minded governor has mounted his high-horse; hope springs up again.

Victory at Last

FROM TIME TO TIME during the last many months, sections of our army have held war maneuvers here and there throughout the country; and in each case the professional criticism has been severe. We are off, it seems, on strategy, timing, coordination and whatever else it takes to make an army what an army should be. Now at last, however, a victory is recorded for Americans in army games, and no mean victory at that. There have been war maneuvers in England, apparently as a dress rehearsal against possible invasion, and in the course of them a detachment of the Home Guard consisting of middle-aged American business men residing in England (the word "paunchy" is distinctly to be seen in the despatches) captured an important airdrome and thereupon, it is said, caused the British Army's plan for air-field defense to be reviewed. The Home Guard brigade have been drilling for months, and had their tactics pat: a golfer to study emplacements, a dog to chase sticks and uncover machine guns, a stroller to take pictures with a dissembled camera—then the rush with tommy guns, tear gas and grenades, and the airdrome was theirs. Only a handful of the attackers "died," while the defenders, composed of veteran troops from famous regiments, suffered heavy "losses." And like an echo from a happier time, when these things were the theme of jokes in vaudeville, we read that "the British protested that the attack came too early," and that the Americans finally withdrew whistling "Yankee Doodle."

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Paderewski the Man

A friend writes about Poland's first president.

By **Charlotte T. Muret**

THE MANY TRIBUTES to Paderewski that have appeared since his death have spoken of him as statesman and musician, but none have done him justice as a man. Yet his personality by its force and goodness transcended even his achievements. It has been aptly said that he was a genius who happened to play the piano. Even truer were Archbishop Spellman's words; he was a great soul. It was because men trusted and loved him that he was able to do so much for his country. His music was the reflection of his spirit.

He had boundless vitality. When he came into a room the lights seemed to go up. People turned to see his splendid head, and listen to his hearty laugh. His warm good-will made one glad just to be with him. He was gay and full of fun, liking to tease his friends gently, and I can hear his chuckle when someone got off a *bon mot*.

Generosity was the keynote of his nature. He spent millions on Poland, and no one knows how many needy musicians and compatriots he helped, forgetting his gifts at once, as do the generous-hearted. It was said in the small town where he lived that he never refused anybody, and the prudent Swiss were shocked by his uncalculating largesse. After the war in gratitude to France and England for their services to Poland, he refused to play for money in either of these countries, or in Switzerland, where he had been so hospitably received. Therefore, the proceeds of the many concerts that he gave in Paris, London and Lausanne were given to needy musicians.

He was profoundly human, and as generous with his affection as with his money. He loved to make people happy and, unlike many of the egocentric great, he was sensitively aware of the feelings of others. Most remarkable of all, he was generous in his judgments. He could be stern when his indignation was aroused, but in all the years I knew him I never heard him make a mean or slighting criticism of a rival musician or political enemy. He preferred to admire if he could.

His hospitality, too, was generous. No prince of the Renaissance entertained more free-handedly. He had settled in the little town of Morges, on Lake Leman, because from there he could easily reach all the capitals of Europe. The estate he bought, Riond Bosson, "Round Bush" in the country dialect, once belonged to Fouché, head of Napoleon's secret police. The villa was somewhat garish, but it had charm. Its wide rooms opened upon the lake with Mont Blanc opposite, and they were full of interesting things: portraits of Paderewski, including the famous Burne-Jones profile, trophies, gifts, signed photographs of the important people of our day.

At Riond Bosson Paderewski held a kind of international court. He was always at home on Sunday afternoons, and diplomats, writers, musicians from all parts of the world came to visit him. It was seldom that there was not an ambassador or a minister present. Yet thanks to Paderewski's smiling and unaffected cordiality, the atmosphere was always gay and informal. People revered him, yet they felt at ease in his presence.

The household at Riond Bosson was enormous. There was a kind of hierarchy; at formal dinners only the Paderewskis, Mme. Wilkonska, Paderewski's sister, and M. and Mme. Gorski, Mme. Paderewska's son and daughter-in-law, were present; on less formal occasions a secretary or two and Mme. Paderewska's adopted sister would be produced, and when one was invited in strictest intimacy the son of the adopted sister, the mother of the secretary, a Polish student who lived at Riond Bosson for some ten years while studying at the University of Lausanne, and other vague personages appeared. When the Paderewskis were "alone" they were ten or twelve at table. Every Pole who came to see his national hero was sure of a welcome. If Riond Bosson was full, he would be put up at the little hotel in Morges, and some of these patriots spent weeks there at their hero's expense.

The hospitality was lavish. At tea there were strange and wonderful Polish cakes, and fine fruit, for which Riond Bosson was famed. This fruit was supposedly sold to pay for the upkeep of the hothouse, but judging from the amount eaten at Riond Bosson and sent to every sick friend in the neighborhood, little can ever have reached the market.

Paderewski had an excellent chef and his cellar was famous. His Chateau Yquem was the best wine of Bordeaux that I have ever tasted, for he bought up almost the entire vintage of an excellent year. Yet to dine intimately at Riond Bosson and sit beside him was something of an ordeal. He

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liked his guests to have an appetite. If I helped myself modestly when the dish reached me he would lean over and pile up my plate, willy-nilly. He was so distressed if I failed to eat and drink heartily that I used to go without lunch in order to do justice to his hospitality.

At these dinners the talk was brilliant. It ranged far, and was enriched with stories of interesting people whom Paderewski had known. His learning was vast. He always read during his hours of finger exercises, and he never forgot a face or a fact. For instance, in talking of England, he once declared that she had always imported cereals. I questioned this, whereupon he gave me the exact figures of her importations from Poland, Russia and Scandinavia in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. He had equally wide knowledge of science, philosophy, literature and art.

The name day party

Each year on his name day, July 31, there was a huge party at Riond Bosson. The whole neighborhood was invited, and there would be a splendid supper, torrents of champagne, and fireworks in the park. On these occasions Paderewski was in his element as host. He would run about delightedly among his guests, seeing that every one was served to his heart's content, and that the timid or insignificant were not neglected.

He was glad to entertain the friends of his friends. One year we had as guest the French newspaper man, Maurice Demaison, of Rheims. He had with him only a brown suit and yellow shoes. We telephoned to explain the difficulty to Paderewski. "Be sure to bring him, yellow shoes and all," he exclaimed, and as soon as we arrived that night, he hurried up to us. "Where are the yellow shoes?" he asked. "I wish to put them at their ease." He never failed to think of what would give pleasure to each. I can still see him coming to our table, napkin on arm, with a bottle of choice champagne. "This is for the man from Rheims," he said, "it is my very best vintage. He will appreciate it."

Paderewski's chivalry was particularly evident in his attitude to his wife. Her first husband was the musician Gorski, with whom Paderewski had played at his early concerts. When the first Mme. Paderewska died, Mme. Gorska took charge of the delicate child who was left on the young pianist's hands. Eventually her marriage with Gorski was annulled and she and Paderewski were married. There was apparently no bitterness left by the arrangement. Years ago my husband lunched at Riond Bosson, and when the company got up from table Mme. Paderewska excused herself. "I must go to Lausanne," she said, "to visit someone who is very near to me." It was her former husband, who was dying.

Mme. Paderewska was passionately devoted to her second husband, but she was not a wise woman. She filled his house with hangers on, and greatly injured his political career. She wished to be present at Cabinet meetings and know all the affairs of state. When it was intimated to Paderewski that he ought to keep her at a greater distance from his public life, he told his friends that he could not do so. He owed her too much to wound her or separate himself from her in any way. Her last illness was tragic. She showed signs of it at the last great reception, on Paderewski's seventieth birthday. Her mind wandered, and she greeted her guests several times in her courteous fear that she might have overlooked them. I can never forget the chivalrous gentleness with which her husband watched over her, and spared her every difficulty. Many times that evening, I saw him go to her, ask her some question and kiss her hand tenderly before moving away.

Paderewski had another attribute rare in great men: he was grateful. The Alcasian painter, Schutzenberger, had helped him to give his first concerts in Paris, when he was so poor that he walked to the concert hall because he could not afford a cab. Schutzenberger's daughter married an anti-clerical socialist, whose convictions were abhorrent to Paderewski, yet he never ceased his kindness to his old friend's daughter. His servants were devoted to him. The cosmopolitan atmosphere of his home was strange to the quiet little town of Morges, with its Calvinist tradition, yet he was greatly beloved there. He was a local institution and people smiled with pleasure when they saw his automobile in the streets.

In spite of his knowledge of the world, there was a childlike quality about him that was disarming. An incident illustrates this well. During the peace conference of 1919, the Poles, hoping to obtain favorable boundaries for their country, tried to enlist every newspaper man in Paris. My husband was on the staff of the *Journal des Débats*, and one day Paderewski offered him twenty thousand francs in bank notes. "We want you to give Poland all the support you can," he said. "If it were any one but yourself, Mr. Paderewski," my husband replied, "I should be insulted. I have always defended Poland because her cause is just. I could not accept money for it." Mr. Paderewski was childishly disappointed. "I wish you would take it, Muret," he begged several times. "We are giving money to a great many people who are not really our friends, as you are, and I should so much like you to have a part of it!" My husband again declared that he could not take money. "You would be amazed," replied Paderewski, "at the people who do! Why," he added, artlessly, "some of them are cabinet ministers!"

Paderewski hated to play in public, and was always nervous when he did so. Others used the piano at Riond Bosson on Sunday afternoons, but

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never the host. One day, when some important people were present, he said to my husband in great distress, "This is terrible, Muret! My wife wants me to play today!" He never could bear chatter or disturbance while he played. To him music was a spiritual as much as an esthetic expression. It was connected with his fundamental mysticism. After his retirement from political life, many doubted whether he would be able to play again after so many years, but at the first concert that he gave, he conquered audience and critics completely. When he came home, his sister rushed up to him. "Ignace!" she cried, "you have never played better!" "Yes," he answered very quietly, "God was with me all the time." This was no mere phrase.

He was a devout and believing Catholic, regular in his religious duties. The little Catholic church in Morges saw him and every member of his household each Sunday that he was in Switzerland. His faith was, in fact, the central part of his life. His political opinions, his art, his personal conduct were all conditioned by it. On the wall of the dining room at Riond Bosson was a strange picture by a modern Polish painter which I believe symbolized one aspect of his spiritual life. It represented the Last Supper and all the figures were typically Slav. Yet in one of the panels a peasant, breaking the bread, had the face of Poland's enemy, the Czar Nicholas II.

Today many of those who win power do so by appealing to men's worst instincts. Like the dictators Paderewski was "self-made," but unlike them he achieved eminence by vigorous, positive goodness. His art, his services to his country, the influence of his noble personality throughout the world are so many proofs of the force and value of a truly Christian soul.

The Menace of Mathematics

What's wrong with how Americans learn figures.

By **Ella Frances Lynch**

ALONG CERTAIN LINES the American student is marvelously clever, sharp for business. Yet education and schooling, alas, has so long played false with the upgrowing generation that scholastic failure has actually come to be considered the normal condition and practically congenital. In the field of mathematics, miracles of progress await the galvanizing of two definite categories of our youth: he who knows that he knows, and he who knows that he knows not, but has the will to labor for knowledge and wisdom.

Why can't we have another Franklin? Because in our ideal of close grading we prefer a compulsory school law rather than the opportunity to let genius develop. How well the genius of Steinmetz knew he would find elbow room in the land of the over-schooled. "I would have remained in Switzerland," explained the wizard of electricity, "if there had not been so many young men with just as much ability as I."

How does the original thinker fare in a "democratic" school system? He cannot get a toe-hold. The unaverageable is immediately psychiatrized. The mind analyst seems not to know that the big minds develop slowly, even as it takes longer to sprout an acorn than a pumpkin seed; that the smaller the bell the higher the pitch; that the sheep bell tinkles at a turn of the wether's head while the great bell remains mute until after more than one tug of the rope.

Does anyone believe that a transcendent gift can develop in the classroom, least of all an "activity" classroom? The true mathematician, like the true poet, has ever been a school-evader. Either through an act of Providence or his own design, he escaped the teacher who teaches math or poetry to the sub-adolescent instead of encouraging him to run down the subjects at his own gait and corral them in his own way.

Arithmetic's different

The "metric" art differs radically from the rest of the Three R's and in fact all other "knowledges" in that it is self originating and undomesticated. While other sciences and arts must be introduced from without the individual, the number sense comes by nature, breathes vitality in its own age cycle, defies all our stratagem to change its essence. The latest faculty to form, number knowledge buds forth in an instructional vacuum and does not lend itself to any speed-up. When unmolested during its good growing season, it develops strength and beauty, breeds with common sense, propagates logic. By merely answering the pupil's question, "What comes after 19?" "Did God count the stars?"—the wise teacher, when free to follow the course of common sense, will

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give him his individual opportunity to cultivate unhindered and unprompted his basic inner knowledge of number and form.

Arithmetic is arithmetic. The theory and practice of what we dub "primary arithmetic" is not child's play, but a most subtle and intricate form of mathematical analysis. Our decimal system, for instance, was not produced in England until the middle of the sixteenth century, and for a long time was taught only in the universities. Modern arithmetic is tremendously complicated, since it gives each figure two values, one absolute, the other depending upon its position. The field of number bemuses more than children. Euclid does not consider *one* a number. Ramus, the forerunner of Descartes, makes one the lowest number. The modern curriculum treats even zero as a number, a figure that shepherds the other figures into place and acts as a wheel horse for the written number as well as pinch-hitter for the absent digit.

The sad result

All this juggling with mathematical symbols before the pupil comprehends what they symbolize gives the callow brain the prison pallor of the conscript. In attempting to teach children prematurely to represent numbers by figures we violate his inner world, swamping it with the say-so of an untenable pedagogy. If the system of notation even followed a natural method, as where unity is signified by one stroke, two by two strokes, and the like, less damage would impend. But to introduce the young numerist to an artificial group of notation systems, where the figure 7 arbitrarily signifies the word seven, which in its turn represents an abstract quantity—shadow of shadows!

This one point, that arithmetic should await the individual child's readiness therefor, which by itself almost makes or unmakes the success of schooling, should by this time be common knowledge with parents and teachers. Yet with devastating irrationality we herd successive infant generations into the field of equations, indoctrinate them with the theory of number forms, plug them with the 390 "basic combinations," invite their consideration of "rounded numbers" in the hundred-thousands, insist on making them value-conscious, and then the 8-year-old who has asked for a dime refuses two nickels as "not enough." On the specious pleas of "widening the spread" between the beginning and "ultimate," the curriculum-engineers with ghastly unmethod actually assign instruction in decimals for the lowest grades, drill toddlers in numbers and figures, notation numeration, reckoning. The nursling we nauseate with numbers. In high school we allow him to pass up arithmetic for "social science," although the years between 14 and 21 embrace the cycle in which the sense of number ripens—unless blasted by premature forcing.

Note the deadly rottenness of "modern method" in primary mathematics. *Number* is too small, shabby, unimpressive a word to figure with us "progressive" creatures. Jesse, 8, toils over his homework. "One and one, the sonofabitch is two. Two and two, the sonofabitch is four." Mother worries. Teacher has broadly hinted that "progressive" education must be left strictly to the school. Still she worries, so interviews the teacher. "I should like to assist my son with his math.," says she, "but I fear I may confuse him." "Oh, his work in math. is very simple and I have made it so clear he cannot help understanding it. I have him repeat the formula with each problem, One and one, the sum of which is two; two and two, the sum of which is four."

The new Regents syllabus instructs teachers of kindergarten and grades 1 and 2: "Extend number concept and begin rational appreciation of place value of digits. . . . Measurement and geometry. Develop a measure consciousness by visual, verbal and manual means through experiences encountered at this level . . . assist the child in forming adequate concepts."

Mensuration and geometry in kindergarten. Thereafter our college freshman writes: "Geometry teaches us to bisex angels." Betty, 6, comes home weeping. "I'll never go back to that school. That teacher learns me arithmetic."

Seven-year-old Tommy wages a frenzied fight with decimals. "If you have a $10 bill and spend $2.78, how much have you left?" Though his marks in math. for two years have been awe-inspiring, he cannot subtract whole numbers, not to mention cantles. "Where did you borrow that *one?*" asks his mother. "I never borrowed nothing from nobody," he cries. "Well, I mean where did you get that one?" "I don't know. Teacher told me to take one, so I took it."

The high rate of failure in the department of number will not surprise the observer of modern pedagogical inconsistency. Though the Deweyite would have the pupil reject the tenets of religious faith as not being susceptible to scientific demonstration, yet the same midwife of pedagogy, with no apology for lack of logic, says in substance anent arithmetic: "You don't have to understand it. Just remember the type problems until after the examination." Usually the pupil fails. When he "passes," it is by a triumph of memory over understanding. Consequently in this country the sublime art of number has dropped below the level of the finger-counting bushman.

Turn upside down

"When dividing a fraction by a fraction," our progressive Syllabus says, "to invert the divisor and multiply produces the right answer and that is all the rationalization the pupil needs." Is it? Ask the boy how to divide ¾ by ½. He straightway

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cryptically recommends, "Turn upside down and multiply," or, as one principal of a "progressive" school who was teaching the teacher how to teach the class math., said, "Flop over and scratch." Tender a high school sophomore this proposition in algebra: "A frog is in a well 30 feet deep. A robin sits on a bough 30 feet above the ground. How far apart are frog and bird?" And the response? "Zero, they just cancel each other."

Now, unless thinking in a democracy be undesirable, it goes without saying that our youth should master the elements of mathematics. However, mastering the elements of any subject whatever is something our present pedagogical muddle disallows. Why not unmuddle? Should the law of inertia operate throughout our entire school course to perpetuate common practices uncritically, notwithstanding that the original reason for their adoption may never have been sound? Relief will come to the nation only when parents, taxpayers, teachers abandon their wailing wall and ferret out the most direct way to scrap the *status quo*. With great issues clamoring for solution and almost no one to do the solving, our "democratic" school system is not a matter to scold about, but a national menace.

If boys are to learn arithmetic, it behooves the school to cease implanting a fear and distaste of numbers: toward that blessed end the first step is to oust from the lower grades every vestige of arithmetic, everything in number, that does not originate within the individual pupil and proclaim itself through his questions. *The test of his readiness for instruction is not the questions he answers but the questions he asks.* This is only ancient common sense. After all, what has "primary" arithmetic amounted to, for the last thirty years, beyond keeping the teacher in a very fever of motion and the pupil going around like a button on a door? How often do we see the bright child martyred on the multiplication table. That baleful litany nearly "got" Steinmetz, who finally overpowered it, "as soon as he become interested," which accords with nature's scheme. As with all original minds, he would refuse to accept anyone's statement even about something that seemed to be very plain; he had to work it out for himself.

Do the majority of teachers know the gizzard of arithmetic? A home-educated pupil of ours who had created her own science of arithmetic entered school at 9½ and was asked, "How many multiplication tables do you know?" "I know the table of 16's," answered Jane. "There is no such table," snapped the outraged teacher. "Study the three's." Jane chuckled when she told her mother. So in school she is "learning" the three's and at home she is compiling the "non-existent" table of seventeen.

Will the master of pedagogy please answer this: What concern has the child with arithmetic, even simple addition, before nature has prepared him to deal with relationships and schooling has given him a foundation of language? Children get no further ahead in any direction whatever for number-instruction begun at 4 or 5, or even up to 8. Indeed the contrary is true. The number sense shrivels under such hothouse treatment as rote-counting, an exercise that is legitimate only where thought is inconsequential, as in tricks for a dog or horse.

What of requiring children to manipulate the upper numerals? In the days of creative thinking people managed to dispense with unwieldy reckoning. Numerosity they compared to the dust of the earth, the sands of the sea, the stars of Heaven, and thus conveyed a rather real sense of the infinite. To this day, nature's child, the school-escaping savage, in his attempts at enumeration indicates his helplessness to deal with large numbers by pointing to the stars, the trees, the hairs on his head. How vivid are such expressions as "The sands are numbered that make up my life!" "The tears cannot number the dead." While our ancestors could convey a veritable living idea with "Like the lightning to this field I came, and like the wind I go away," we vainly try to make their posterity realize speed in miles-per-hour.

The price

Whenever schooling tries to outsmart nature, the people pay. Though the victims of "rational appreciation" in kindergarten will hate to believe us, we must insist that the love of number is natural to the unspoiled human being, to him who escapes the tentacles of "number concept and place value for digits" until his inner development prompts him to explore the romantic field of pure number. A critic of American schooling says uncritically that plain people shudder at mathematics. While admitting that there is something gelid in the process of calculation, we nonetheless maintain that it is not the mathematics but the compulsion thereto that superinduces the shudder, just as we sensibly shudder at compulsory patriotism or schooling and similar rackets. The normal child vibrates to the harmonies of number. "I lisped in numbers and the numbers came." To the unspoilt, uncomplex nature, number is a plaything that brings to the spirit such a joy and sense of well being as breathing gives the body.

According to all the evidence, it is of basic importance for the teacher and student to recognize the fact that success in mathematics has to do with the intelligent part of our will system. Psychologists realize the profound wisdom of the medieval period which employed discus-throwing, lancing and archery to train the will forces in order to achieve specific psychic results. The old Greeks inaugurated the gymnasium to bring about harmony between body, mind and spirit. It is plain

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to everyone that we must introduce certain activities into the child's life in order to evolve such qualities as mathematical talent. The right time of procedure plays an important rôle: so does a knowledge of human nature and its rhythms. As the ancients well knew, it is not the textbook but first hand knowledge that leads the way to learning and wisdom. Our deplorable custom of putting "potted" culture ahead of personal cultivation is weaving nets to catch the wind. In the right order the pupil very gradually gathers a comprehension of number by way of eye, ear, hand and foot. Next he learns the spoken names for the numbers: six, seven, eight. He has the faculty to visualize, the toll of his years being a fair guide to the upper limit before the age of ten. But the realization of the number must precede the teaching of its symbol, first spoken, then written. Ciphering in primary years ushers in a chill that reduces the most gifted to intellectual serfdom.

Conversation in Moscow

Gathered from notes taken in an earlier day of communism.

By **Erik R. Von Kuehnelt-Leddihn**

HIS NAME was Byezdushnov. Russian names are sometimes extraordinary. The name of Kommissarzhevski is well known and one might add those of Philosoffov and Amphitheatratov. But "Byezdushnov" is rather peculiar. In substance it means man-without-soul. It was his real name and it suited him well. He was a rather fat, badly shaved simpleton who seemed to have difficulty with his breathing. He worked in a post-office; but I got acquainted with him in the Park of Culture and Recreation. Everything was dead in this mountain of pale, flabby flesh except his loyalty towards the State and his "faith."

He actually called himself a believing orthodox Christian. He was not a member of the Communist Party and he was proud to be a civil servant. Thus he was very loyal and denied emphatically that there was any persecution of religion going on in the USSR.

"Everything's all right, citizen," he said with a furtive look and moist lips. "People exaggerate so much. I don't know why, but people always get so excited. Look at me; I am always composed. I do my duty and the knowledge that I do my duty well gives me peace."

"Listen, citizen," I replied, "you talk a lot of rubbish. You know that churches are shut down under the legal pretext that the parish can't pay the taxes; you know that the church-bells have been silenced by decree . . ."

"The noise, the noise," he whined.

"Now look here, there are lots of sirens . . ."

"It's not that," he interrupted me, almost with tears in his eyes. "It would offend the finest feelings of our atheistic fellow-citizens. You must understand that, citizen, you must understand . . ."

I will never forget his hands raised in pious horror, and his St. Bernard-like eyes imploring me to be impartial and fair.

Another panacea

Sh. was an official in one of the cultural leagues. He met foreigners regularly and there was something slightly diabolical in this Russian with a German name. We had our bitter bouts, but I can't help admitting that we were to a certain extent what the Germans call *sympathisch* to each other. I occasionally visited him in his "home" in the Arbatskaya district. It was summer; the windows of his room were open and the smell of Moscow pervaded this official's den.

"People are seldom unhappy on account of their limited income," I said. "Of course there is the limit of the living wage. Under that level your existence becomes inhuman. But apart from that? People are unhappy because they are in love with the wrong person, because they have been insulted, or just because their souls are sad for reasons which are difficult to fathom. They may be unhappy because they fear death or suffer from some disease, because they have ugly faces, aching feet or a sudden nostalgia for travel or adventure. Communism is just another *economic* panacea . . ."

"But it works!" he interjected eagerly.

"And granted it works," I admitted generously. "I can't see how it will ever solve the problems which *matter,* the personal problems, the things which make us happy or unhappy. . . ."

"We have suppressed prostitution," he hissed.

"That may be so, but what about abolishing death?"

"Our cancer research is progressing," he said.

"If people don't die from cancer, they will die from something else. That gets us nowhere."

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"Ah, but cancer-research is progress. And we might reach a higher average life span."

"But I don't believe in progress."

"Ah, you don't. Why don't you! All bourgeois believe in progress!" He was really furious and felt tricked. It was difficult to argue with somebody who didn't believe in progress. Communism thought it had captured the key to real progress, but what good was the key if a person didn't believe in the lock. It really was a calamity.

"You're a failure," he said finally in bad humor. "One shouldn't argue with you."

I liked to irritate him. "One of the Cardinals of the Curia three hundred years ago expressed the belief that any vehicle doing more than four Roman miles an hour must be of diabolical origin."

"You're the limit! You would be better off if you had never been born. You have no reason to exist! Why on earth are you alive?"

"That's what I always wanted to ask you."

"I am a brickstone in the building of socialist construction!"

"What's the building for? For you? Then you must at least believe in serpents biting their own tails. But we're getting off the track. Do you believe that communism can create happiness?"

"We're not here on earth to be happy."

It sounded very Christian, but I mastered myself and remained charitable. "So we're bound to be unhappy. Fine. Then why exist at all? Or maybe *we* have the key?"

Sh. exploded again. I had to listen to all the old arguments against the Church from the days of Celsus right down to the Al Smith campaign.

"I won't contradict you, but if there is no hope for humanity, why should *you* go on? If you strike the balance of communism, you get a fine result! We're here in Moscow and not in a sensitive Leftist circle in London or New York. Every child will tell you how many people died in the various famines in order to bolster up foreign exchange. All you can hope for is a two-room apartment by 1985. O. K. Then let's liquidate humanity, or at least the 'red sixth of the world.' You can do it either by mass-sterilization or mass-suicide. Distribute a pleasant poison throughout the USSR and ask the people to swallow the stuff at a signal given over the radio. Your troubles will all be over!"

Sh. eyed me very earnestly. He scratched his chin and said slowly: "But for you . . . for you it would be a *'sin.'*"

"It would," I said.

"If the rest of the world could be persuaded to do likewise," he said in all earnest. "Absolute continence or something of that sort. . . ."

Madness hung in the room. A dog barked somewhere.

"It's only an idea after all," he said, and there was now something in his eyes which I had never seen before—a deep satanic joy. It didn't last, but it was there. And I knew what had happened: the crown of God's creation had been canceled in Sh.'s mind for a few fateful seconds.

Foreigners' club

There was (and perhaps there still is), a club for foreigners in the Malaya Spiridonovka in Moscow. The Narkomindyel (State Department) and the GPU looked after this doubtful enterprise; there were always a half dozen American clubwomen hanging around, who could have been masterfully portrayed by Helen Hokinson; a German lady in an immaculate white dress of ancient Greek design, and one or another young English Leftist with a tired smile, Gollancz-books in yellow wrappers, withered flowers in his buttonhole. . . . The German lady emphasized that she wanted to live a "life of beauty and purity," and she always looked with melting admiration at the chef de protocole, who for reasons unknown wore a white uniform. Mrs. F. from Little Rock, Arkansas, was a very regular visitor, and she liked to think of herself as having some sort of responsible position. She enlightened all newcomers from God's Country as to the tremendous progress made by the Red Czars. She illustrated this by little stories, all ending with the refrain: "And isn't that reelly wooanderful?"

Litvinov came often, and with him a whole band of high officials of the Narkomindyel—Rothstein, Rish, Assmus, Obolensky. But the most interesting person was a youngish man who had his visiting cards inscribed with "Le Baron Alfred de S., Intendant des Théatres Soviétiques, Moscou." He was a Soviet citizen and one of the few "exhibits" suitable for circulation in the Embassies and Legations. An elderly lady of the Swedish Legation once reproached him:

"I can't understand you, Baron," she said, "after all you have good manners, your parents were respectable Baltic Germans, you had a good education and there is no earthly reason why you should associate with these *gens aux bouches mal lavées.*"

"Ah, madame," he replied politely, *"la garde se rend, mais elle ne meurt pas!"*

He was a bad prophet because "they" purged him three years ago.

Manufacturer

I had an interesting talk after my last return with a very wealthy Central European capitalist and manufacturer.

"It doesn't work at all, does it?" he said with a hopeful, patronizing glint in his eyes.

"It works badly," I said.

"It can't work at all. It never will!"

"I don't know. The Russian is a born philoso-

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pher; he is neither an expert mechanic nor an expert engineer or organizer. In a Western nation it probably would work."

"Come, come. Communism is against human nature!"

"So is the idea of predestination. But Mohammedanism and Calvinism have made great hits in considerable parts of the world."

"That's different. You seem to be . . . to be prejudiced. Hm. So you think that communism is a good thing."

"I believe the very opposite. I think that communism is the wrong answer for another wrong. It's inhuman; it's beastly. It's godless. It's bad!"

"Aha! You change your mind very quickly. You just said it might work, you just said that it's a workable proposition."

"I did."

"If it's a workable proposition it is also a menace."

"You said it."

"It may sweep the world. It may be a great success."

There was delirium in the way he said "success."

"It may, historically speaking, be a success," I replied. "Not in a human way. And it may last a good long time. A couple of hundred years. Like Mohammedanism."

A few moments later I overheard him talking to someone else, who had inquired who I was: "I always forget his name; it's so long. He's one of these parlor-pinks who believes that communism is a workable proposition. He's sure it's going to be a great hit and that it's going to stay for good —like automobiles."

Needless to say—he manufactured automobiles.

Things are bad

It was in the unforgettable "Park Kulturü i otdükha" where I met Foma Ivanovitch.

The park was supposed to be a substitute for Coney Island, the Viennese Prater, the Lunapark of Berlin or Copenhagen's famous Tivoli. But in sharp contrast to such places of amusement in the bourgeois world, it offered only serious recreation. There were swimming clubs, chess clubs, debating groups of the Komssomoltsi, who hurled their invectives into the grey, cloudy sky. There were innumerable small museums scattered all over and a pavilion with scientific exhibits.

Foma Ivanovitch was one of the young men who saw my wrist-watch and asked me for the time. My accent aroused his curiosity. Ten minutes later he told me about his love affairs. Half an hour later we conversed about politics, and his eager questions about foreign countries baffled me. I had not disclosed my status as a true *burzhuy*, and pretended to be a Soviet citizen of Esthonian descent who had spent many years in commercial delegations abroad. Finally I asked him cautiously to draw a picture of Western Europe as he saw it.

"Well, Citizen," he said, "that is a splendid idea. It'll be very instructive for me. Pray, interrupt me if you find something wrong in my account."

His didactic itch was tickled. "Western Europe is very modern," he began. "Indeed, Western Europe is so modern that there are no peasants left. The foodstuffs are all made in factories. The workers in the factories are all communists. They want to break up their bitter enslavement by strikes. Day and night they think about nothing else but strikes. But when they try to leave their factories, a shower of bullets greets them. There is a cordon of soldiers and policemen around every single factory; these soldiers do not really want to kill the workers, because these are after all their brothers, cousins and fathers. And when the workers tear their shirts apart, exposing their chests, and implore the soldiers not to murder their own kin in cold blood, the soldiers actually hesitate. Yet their hesitation is overcome by the terrible menaces and threats of the priests and parsons who rush up and down behind their lines, crosses in their hands, telling them to choose between the blood of innocents and eternal damnation in hellfire. The soldiers are naturally not enlightened, and so they shoot. The capitalists in the meantime bribe the priests with hard cash to persevere in their duties and to bamboozle the soldiers. The wives of these capitalists are thin and dry old creatures, and no wonder that they molest the wives and daughters of the heroic workers. But, citizen, you haven't interrupted me once! My education doesn't seem to be so bad after all. . . ."

"It's true," I said. "I haven't interrupted you once. You gave such a dramatic account. I quite forgot. One point or the other needs a little correction. The capitalists sometimes have younger wives and attractive daughters. . . ."

"One never sees them in the movies," Foma Ivanovitch said with an expression of suspicion on his face.

"That may be so," I replied. "But it nevertheless stands to reason that there must be some younger womenfolk in the capitalist class. . . ."

"True," the Russian admitted grudgingly.

"And the peasants," I continued. "You can't live on synthetic food all the time. There are lots of peasants all over the Occident."

"Hm. . . . That may be." Foma Ivanovitch was now less certain. "Probably some extremely rich landowners and millions of miserable tenants."

"Not exactly," I risked saying. "It depends on what country. There are some mountainous parts of Europe where the land is very evenly divided. In the Tyrol, in some parts of Switzerland, in

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Macedonia or Navarre there are very few class distinctions."

My friend's eyes were now wide open with horror. "That's terrible," he said. "That's worse than I expected."

"But why?" I was at a complete loss.

"Why?" Foma Ivanovitch displayed a ghastly but shrewd smile. "How can the Party work if there are no class differences? Everybody is satisfied. Nobody wants a revolution. In the end you get backwardness, religion, superstition, illiteracy, no industrialization—no progress whatsoever."

He lifted his finger in a new fit of horror and disgust. "It's evil," he said in a very low voice. "It's wicked. How can you apply dialectic Marxist materialism to a society without capitalists and proletarians?"

"You can't," I replied mockingly.

"There you are," he said solemnly. "It's worse than I thought. Thank God that we have brilliant agitators and splendid agitators' schools. Maybe they will finally make them unhappy. Maybe they will stir up some dissent, some revolutionary fervor, some proletarian dynamism. . . ."

"But listen," I said. "These peasants are ahead of us. They don't need the dictatorship of the proletariat. They have already a classless society."

There was almost madness in Foma Ivanovitch's eyes. "A classless society! A classless society!" he repeated. "But not a *communist* classless society."

This blasphemy horrified him so much that he instinctively made the sign of the Cross.

Views & Reviews

BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS

IN LAST WEEK'S COLUMN I briefly reviewed Eric Gill's "Autobiography," strongly approving its choice by the Catholic Book Club and as strongly recommending its perusal by the general public. I have been so much impressed by this very remarkable book that I feel justified in returning to its consideration, dealing with some points which I could not touch upon last week because of lack of space.

In the first place it is only fair for me to say that I am not urging Eric Gill's "autopsychography," as he preferred to term his singular analysis of his own life and experiences, for wide "popular reading." Not that I consider it a dangerous book in the ordinary meaning of that ambiguous expression—morally speaking, for example, although the publisher throws out some bait for a certain class of readers in the rather unfortunate phrase in the cover-blurb which refers to the author's "iconoclastic" ideas on "modern civilization, art, sex, and life generally." "Iconoclasm," although of course it has a general meaning, was also a heresy, condemned and fought as such by the Catholic Church, and it is the whole point of Gill's opinions and of his life work in almost every detail of it—certainly from the time of his conversion to Catholicism—to view life and art and civilization not as a heretic or a rebel against the Church but rather as one who as an individual first became a rebel against the conventional civilization and economics and art and social ideas of his time, and then made the momentous discovery—for him a veritable revelation—that his personal and instinctive revolt was justified by the teachings of the Church. From that moment he became not an iconoclast but in reality, in ideal at least, a wholly devoted child and servant of the Church, who found himself in the fortunate position (fortunate for him, and for his own peace of spirit)of finding his own ideas backed up by the majestic, infallible authority of the Church.

Now the importance of this fact is that Eric Gill's ideas are absolutely revolutionary, so far as the present set-up of modern Western civilization is concerned. To him capitalism was literally diabolical. He fought it with all the energy of his dynamic nature, and found in doing so many comrades and fellow believers. Yet he acknowledges, not with bitterness yet very frankly, that his views were opposed by all but a tiny minority of English Catholics, who, generally speaking, were not only reconciled to the things he regarded as evils, but actually welcomed them and considered them good things. Hence it seems to me very necessary that Gill's book, and his other writings as well, should be scrutinized as soon as possible by competent theological authorities in order to clear away—as I think would be the case—any suspicion that Gill was basically unsound in his Catholicism.

Considering the hard mental discipline to which he submitted his thinking under such Dominicans as Father McNabb and others, and the practical nature of his life as a Dominican tertiary, it would seem that he and his work as a writer would emerge safe and sound from such a theological examination. But it is important that the point should be settled, so that Gill's ruthless and devastating attacks upon the capitalistic character and habits of modern Anglo-Saxon society should be judged fairly, especially as he may well have been a true prophet in discerning the inevitable break-up of that form of society. We are rapidly getting to a place in America where the same problems that are ravaging Europe and Asia must be faced by us as well, and the special views presented by Gill will have even more importance tomorrow than they have today.

It is also to be hoped that more light be shed upon one most interesting episode in his career, namely, the experiment in cooperative and communal life under the auspices of the Third Order of St. Dominic rule, at Ditchling, which is passed over so briefly and inadequately in his autobiography. Perhaps Douglas Pepler or Donald Attwater, both of them familiar with the experiment, will give us the complete story some day. For it may be that in the days ahead of us, such forms of cooperative colonization on the part of Catholics will become increasingly evident. All such experiments should be faithfully recorded.

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Communications

CATHOLIC ACTION

St. Cloud, Minn.

TO the Editors: We have need of generalities now and then to clarify complex programs which have a general objective. We are well aware that President Roosevelt's plea that America be made "the arsenal of democracy" described more effectively the nation's plans for defense and its foreign policies than have the many separate articles by news writers and columnists. Generalizations are not always to be suspected. In theology, for example, they serve as working principles. Of course generalizations are derived from particulars which are valid and true, yet so subtle and technical at times that everyone cannot be expected to take them into account in daily living.

One generalization that is in need of emphasis and use today in the promotion of Catholic action is that religion, at least the Christian religion, has to do directly with only two problems: sin and virtue. Religion cannot be applied to soil conservation or to poetry, unless it be effectively applied to the problem of sin and virtue in agrarians and poets. Religion cannot be applied to society either; it can only work in the individual members of a society, a fact which has been lost to sight by many enthusiastic promotors of social virtue, social justice and social worship. We need some slogan today which will answer the needs of our Catholic action promoters, a slogan which will make it clear to them and the people they seek to influence that organization and programs as such are useless. The cell idea, the personal contact idea, the personal approach are what we need.

Dismal conditions in the world today are stunning many rabid reformers into something like sanity. Another generalization may be in place. All heresies are either extremes of pessimism or extremes of optimism, depending upon their attitude toward original sin. In recent years the optimists have afflicted us most. All those who, because they forgot original sin, were set on making this world a paradise are such optimists. There have been times in Church history when there were too many pessimists, too many who were so over-conscious of man's depraved nature that they despaired of accomplishing any good whatever. The Church answers both contentions with the generalization: "The golden mean is God's delight, Extremes are hateful in His sight."

What becomes clearer and clearer the more we examine the progress of Christianity through the ages is that it deals effectively with sin and accomplishes virtue in the lives of men, women and children. It never deals with society directly, because society has no real existence except by addition or multiplication of individuals. Men are grouped by God or by men, and societies come into being as result. Their reformation and their betterment has to be accomplished according to the pattern of their origin. Men are made virtuous and as a consequence society is made virtuous. There are no Christian sacraments that can be applied to society as such and no Christian maxims which will effect group regeneration. All official pronouncements of the Church with regard to Catholic action are emphatic in this, but there is a wide divergence between the idea of the official pronouncements and the practices of many promoters.

One thing is reassuring. It is this: as often as programs of Catholic action are tried persistently, promoters come sooner or later to realize that their apostolate must begin with individuals. This realization usually comes after much discouragement and disappointment, but it is healthy nevertheless. We read of youth work being promoted by chaplains and according to the "cell idea" in a "restricted milieu" instead of by directors and long-range programs, as we did two or three years ago. Even the socially obsessed liturgists narrowed their field from the "world orders" and "world economies" which they wrote about in 1937 and 1938 to the "vital parish" at the recent Chicago Liturgical Week. They will soon be concerned with human beings and will have to shed their cloaks of specialty. We may even hope that in our lifetime the flow of pamphlets and treatises about the Catholic Church and everything from biology to bricks will be replaced by old fashioned spiritual books dealing with sin and virtue, Heaven and Hell. The signs of the times are healthy.

REV. FERDINAND C. FALQUE.

The Screen

Summer Fun

EVERY now and then Hollywood thinks up something new and different as a surprise. Such a film is *"Tom, Dick and Harry."* Don't be frightened away when you hear it is a whimsy; because it's an intelligent, slightly sophisticated whimsy—no Barrie, no Milne. And don't let the critics spoil it for you by telling too much about the story or the fun; for certainly the tenuous plot would disappear entirely and the delightful gaiety would dry up with the third or fourth retelling. Be satisfied with knowing just a few facts. Under Garson Kanin's excellent direction Ginger Rogers turns in one of her best performances. As Janie, Kitty Foyle is now a telephone operator with a touch of Dulcy in her movie-struck makeup. Her problem is to choose one of the three boys to whom she's engaged in this Middletown, USA. There's Tom (George Murphy) who is probably the sweetest assistant sales manager who ever wanted to marry a girl; surely any boy with such an irresistible sales line, who thinks more of selling cars than of love, is bound to get ahead. And there's Dick (Alan Marshal) who is tall and handsome and has millions; well, where else could a film fan like our romantic Janie find such another prince charming? And there's Harry (Burgess Meredith), a screwball garage mechanic without a cent, who is also without ambition and has a crazy philosophy about preferring fishing to success; he's loads of fun to spend an evening with even on $1.80, and when he kisses Janie—it's so wonderful that bells ring. So there's Janie's dilemma. Was ever a girl in such a pickle? You will have to see the picture to find out what Janie decides and also to enjoy some of the funniest comedy situations of the year. Everyone concerned with it did his best. Paul Jarrico wrote a brilliant

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script. Robert Sisk dressed his production well without overdoing. And Garson Kanin's fresh, sparkling direction should meet the approval of perfectionists. He has steered Ginger Rogers through a difficult rôle; and while Marshal does not have to do much more than look handsome and wealthy, Murphy and Meredith get into the spirit of the fun and whimsy without going too Peter Pan. Lenore Lonergan and Phil Silvers do delightful bits. Some of the liveliest scenes show Rogers and Murphy dawdling over sundaes and parking at Inspiration Point, and Rogers and Marshal after a champagne binge coming home in an airplane. The Rogers and Meredith kiss that rings the bell is poetry. In fact several of the scenes have a moving, lyrical quality. The dream sequences, those comic Freudian interpretations of Janie's future with each man, stem from "The Beggar on Horseback," and while they are clever at first, they become somewhat unimaginatively tiresome by the third dream. But this doesn't spoil the fun in this lightsome lecture on how love conquers all.

In the early days of films, *"The Bride Came C.O.D."* would have been subtitled "Fun in a desert, in a ghost town, in a deserted mine." But what fun moderns will find in this picture will have to come from watching cinema's foremost emotional actress going through some mighty strange antics in a slapstick comedy. James Cagney might be used to this funny rough stuff, but it's new to Bette Davis. Miss Davis conducts herself well in a lighthearted manner considering she never found herself in so many undignified positions. By the third fall into the cactus, the audience is likely to wish that she would stick to her Queen Elizabeths, Old Maids and Dark Victories in which she excels. In this series of monkeyshines Bette is an irresponsible heiress about to elope with a publicity-seeking orchestra leader (Jack Carson) who talks in clichés and stale lyrics. For ten dollars a pound James Cagney makes a deal with Bette's irate father (Eugene Pallette) to deliver the girl in Texas—unwed. When Cagney's plane crashes in the desert, the fun starts in earnest because Jimmy is not the twelve-merit-badge boy-scout he says he is. And furthermore he can't stand glamor girls who are "the bottlenecks in the progress of man." The wisecracks in Julius and Philip Epstein's screenplay fly fast. But most of them strain too hard, and when they're on the risqué side, the actors polish them off with a leer. William Keighley has directed this speedy comedy with his tongue in cheek, knowing full well that if it slows up at any time it will fall very, very flat. Davis and Cagney enjoy this bit of high jinks and get all they can out of the lines and situations. They are assisted by a good cast. But I still maintain that my favorite tragedienne is not my favorite comedienne.

"Dance Hall" is one of those hastily-thrown-together comedies which no one expects an audience to think out or to take seriously. My advice is don't take it at all. Certainly Cesar Romero and Carole Landis didn't think enough of the stupid story, taken from W. R. Burnett's novel, to put any meaning into their acting. And Director Irving Pichel was so astounded by the assignment that he approached it without a gleam of inspiration. No one will blame any of them, but someone may wonder why the picture was made. Although the plot is written down to a thirteen-year-old mind, and shagging youngsters may enjoy the dancing in this ten-cents-a-dance palace, this movie is definitely not for them. We'll probably be hearing a lot of one good song that Miss Landis puts over; it could have been the title of the picture: "There's a Lull in My Life."

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Books of the Week

From Berlin

Berlin Diary. William L. Shirer. Knopf. $3.00.

WHEN EDWARD R. MURROW, European manager of the Columbia Broadcasting System, decided to have a representative on the Continent in 1937, William L. Shirer, then 33, an American reporter in Europe for 12 years, had just lost his job with Universal Service. So he was happy to get the new assignment, though it was anything but an easy job. Columbia's competitor, NBC, had already an excellent European representative, an outstanding personality with a rich cultural background and unique personal connections, especially in Germany. He lived in Basel, Switzerland, and was eager to cover from this neutral country the happenings and the problems of both the totalitarian and the democratic lands. Shirer could not possibly beat his competitor's background and versatility. But he did a very clever thing. He did not go to Switzerland or some other neutral but rather boring country. He stayed in Berlin, where he had lived for three years. From week to week Berlin became a more interesting and productive news center. While his competitor came sometimes as a guest from Switzerland, Shirer was daily on the spot. With energy he collected any news item available; intentionally he went to the microphone once or twice every day even if there were no sensational news but only small matters. The Berlin broadcasts of this assiduous reporter became an American institution.

Back home William L. Shirer did what few foreign correspondents fail to do: he wrote a book about his experiences. Though praised by all the reviews I have seen, I seriously question its quality.

I myself lived in Germany till the fall of 1935, and I left there a lot of friends and unsolved problems. Reading Berlin Diary, 1934-1941, I am of course eager to learn how the Berlin atmosphere has changed since the days of my farewell, how the attitude of people like my friends changed, what new books have been written, what problems are discussed among students and plain folk, how religious life is going on and what subversive thoughts are in the mind of the younger generation. I am sorry to report that on all such questions you will find no answers in the 600 pages of "Berlin Diary." These things are not in the headlines. And Mr. Shirer is just the typical newspaperman, whose interests are restricted to his profession. I admit he is an excellent reporter, but his book seems to me rather sterile.

A summation of news items does not make a valuable book. Eugene Lyons's "Assignment in Utopia," for instance, is a very interesting book, because it describes a human history, the conversion from a sympathizer to an enemy of communism. Shirer's book has no dynamics. At twenty-nine he arrived in Germany with a liking for "progressive" people and a hate for "reactionary" ones.

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He admires the Austrian Marxists and calls Dollfuss "a timid little fellow." In the description of the seven decisive years which Shirer covers in his diary, I don't recall a single event which influenced his way of thinking and enriched his philosophy. Duranty's books on Russia are interesting because the reporter proves to be a man with the sensibility of a poet and the mind of a philosopher. Shirer's background is trivial. His most happy moments of life seem to be those when he meets his American colleagues and enjoys some whiskey with them. You hear very little of contacts with plain German people. He notoriously does not like them. He of course meets some nazi officials and pro-German journalists but he is unable to portray them in a forceful way. I believe that a simple travel record by a sensitive observer, as for instance "Reaching for the Stars" by Mrs. Waln, gives in fact much more of the inside of German life under Hitler than Shirer's big volume.

The best of "Berlin Diary" relates to his life as a reporter. Shirer gives a good description of his daily routine of a war-time broadcaster, fighting without blackouts and with censors, interesting descriptions from the Western battlefields and, last but not least, an exciting research into the alleged mercy killing of the nazi. It is for such reports that his book may hold some documentary value for future historians. MAX FISCHER.

CRITICISM

The Sculptures of Donatello. Text by Ludwig Goldscheider. Oxford (Phaidon). $3.50.

CONSIDER—among the dramatic detail—enlargements in this handsome newcomer to the Phaidon series—Donatello's Annunciation on the Cavalcanti altar in Santa Croce at Florence. The resemblance of the figures of the Virgin and the angel—particularly their heads—to antique models is unmistakable. And yet does not the vitality of the group depend upon something essentially anti-classical? Something inescapably modern—the subjective drama of the related figures, translated from the expressionistic pictorialism of the Gothic into formal, plastic terms? Art historians and professors have found it too convenient to stress the eclectic character of the Renaissance. But "what was truly novel about it, what expressed its essentiality, was the use of central perspective, which was unknown to the classical epoch and to the Middle Ages. Perspective as a method of representation is a projection of individualism; the outer world is depicted in the way in which it makes itself subjectively known to us, not in the way in which it is objectively known to exist, with its relative magnitudes and the relative course of its lines." And even further: "The next step in the individualization of artistic representation is impressionism, which has recognized the relativity both of forms and of colors. Donatello's contemporaries, and among them his friend Paolo Uccello, put the finishing touches to perspective. Donatello's flat reliefs were the beginning of modern impressionism."

But impressionism (out of fashion today) is only one facet of Donatello's *oeuvre*. Consider now the bronze reliefs of the evangelists John, Luke and Mark for the high altar of Sant' Antonio at Padua: their barbaric power expressed, as in the best primitive and modern art, through a complete plastic integrality. His miracle scenes for the same altar are compositional masterpieces which Raphael was to envy and sketch; the compelling Entombment is frankly expressionist; the Madonna, half rising a distinctly Etruscan or near-Eastern flavor; while the Pietà and Crucifix show a sophisticated mastery of expressive anatomy. All this within the confines of a single altar, executed within seven years.

Paradoxically, Donatello's late works, such as the St. Mary Magdalen in the Florence Baptistry, the St. John the Evangelist in the Siena Cathedral and the Pietà owned by the Victoria and Albert Museum, are not his least but his most Gothic. Retrogression? Compare these with the affected, posturing David of fifty years earlier. The later bronze David of the Bargello is stronger and more original but still decorative. The Judith of Donatello's eighth and final decade is a grim avenger. But look lower to the socle and you will see, still irrepressibly present, Donatello's characteristic signature of bacchic putti—symbol of the spontaneous fusion of pagan and Christian art. DAVID BURNHAM.

American Fiction, 1920-1940. *Joseph W. Beach. Macmillan.* $2.50.

THE TITLE of this book is more than slightly misleading. Mr. Beach does not attempt to discuss historically or critically the whole of American fiction of the last two decades, nor is he concerned with his subjects as typical representatives of such various tendencies in contemporary fiction as realism, naturalism, regionalism or social criticism. The book must be reluctantly described, since Mr. Beach has elsewhere distinguished himself as a masterly analyst of the philosophy and the technique of English prose, as a series of expository lectures on Dos Passos, Hemingway, Faulkner, Wolfe, Caldwell, Farrell, Marquand and Steinbeck "written at the request of a friend who is a wide reader in many fields, but who would like to know more about American fiction in our time and especially about those novelists whom I consider of first importance." Mr. Beach admits that his favorites are "strong meat for squeamish readers," but he insists that they are, in the quality of their thought, in the intensity of their feeling and in their power of communication the real voices of our generation. The products of a world of war, confusion and intellectual anarchy, these eight writers reflect, he feels, a cultural complex sometimes so special, so subtle or so subconscious that there is "the need for an understanding guide and interpreter." He then proceeds to explain the intentions, methods and effects of his favorite authors, finding that while they "have in common essential features that make them typical of their period," they have reacted individually and developed individually points of view and habits of expression consequent upon their temperaments, backgrounds, experiences and as yet unsolved intuitions of man's fate and man's happiness.

Each man is judged and interpreted according to his own standard, which in several instances is an indefinite sense of social justice and human dignity, in others a theory that literature of horror purges the reader of his passions, and, in the case of Marquand particularly, an emotional rejection of a sterile past. Mr. Beach is at his best when he is clarifying the ingenious but obscure narrative technique of William Faulkner and the cinematic slice of life method of John Dos Passos. Unfortunately he is as much concerned with the message of his authors as he is with their manner, and it is in this department that he fails not only to state their position adequately but also, and here his blunder is egregious, to estimate the value of the various messages directly stated or clearly implied in the books

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under discussion. This double failure flows, I believe, from a paucity of information on the one hand, and a disguised but perilous dogmatism on the other. There is no evidence in his book that Mr. Beach has given more than a single careful reading to the major works of the writers he explains, while there is abundant evidence that he regards them as unchallenged and unchallengeable spokesmen for modern America. This assumption might have been qualified had Mr. Beach bothered to consider, if not the more recent repudiations of his subjects by MacLeish, Van Wyck Brooks and Howard Mumford Jones, then at least the many earlier essays, sharply critical of their major social positions, available in a score of quarterly journals.

A concluding chapter contains a sweeping collective defense of the eight novelists as representative not of normal life but of a period between two war. Aware of their realism and naturalism, he prefers to regard them all as idealists whose work "has taken the negative form of irony, tragedy, comedy, satire and pathos, in which the positive ideal is simply implied in the author's reaction against what he deprecates and abhors." This positive ideal is found to be an "anti-mystical" stand against those who "ignore the importance of material circumstances in promoting and determining good conditions." It is precisely at this point that one misses the saving distinction between a right morality and the abuses of hypocrisy. But he proceeds, with irritating platform manners, to drub the straw men of capitalistic society under the impression that the prejudices of capitalism are the morals of man. Insofar as he does explain his own critical position, Mr. Beach is very close to the thought of James T. Farrell, whose case histories of the Chicago Irish he rewards with heartiest approval. Mr. Beach admires the social seriousness of the eight novelists because he regards sociology as the crux of all modern problems; he approves their esthetic because they present, without the blandishments of eloquence, living characters and real events which "by arrangement and emphasis . . . mark the 'values' and point them up with precision and calculated effect."

Since so much stress is put upon values, one reasonably expects more consideration of them. Mr. Beach does not discuss the "positive ideals implied." He asserts, approves, insinuates, and assumes their superiority. He neglects to regard the writers selected in relation to their literary origins, to other contemporary writers or to the great novelists in our own or other languages. In his numerous sallies against polite ostriches who are "mystical" moralists and "bourgeois romanticists" he inclines to the belief that economic conditions are almost entirely the basis of morality. One of his less happy statements argues that "where economic conditions, for example, put marriage out of the question, one cannot fairly demand that love should be sanctioned by marriage." There are many much less defensible *obiter dicta* which, aimed at what Mr. Beach undoubtedly judges to be conventional hypocrisy, actually hit the most ordinary decencies.

Just as he assumes the value of the "moral" position in his specimens of American literature, so too does he assume the rightness of the technique by which they "point up" their criticisms. Mr. Beach once wrote a very damaging essay on the obscurity of John Dewey in his "The Outlook of American Prose," but he is here indiscriminate in his praise of the swampy rhetoric of Faulkner, the desolate bleakness of some of Farrell. Hemingway, in his opinion, is successful "in matter of both erotic and social sentiment" because he "makes you feel." It is because Mr. Beach cannot demonstrate that the fiction which "makes you feel" is at the same time right in the many senses that all great literature is right that his book is so lamentably deficient. The first critical review of the last two decades by a prominent American writer, "American Fiction 1920-1940" is a gloomy reminder that our recent past witnessed both the loss of many of our ideals and the atrophy of our critical instincts. F. X. CONNOLLY.

FICTION

The Keys of the Kingdom. A. J. Cronin. Little Brown. $2.50.

THERE IS a perennial and large audience for novels of the sort often described, with an overtone of apology, as "good stories." Such novels are no more than just that: they hold even a jaded reader's attention; they are packed with action; they require a minimum of mental effort. Of such is "The Keys of the Kingdom." Normally it would deserve little more than a few sentences of review, paying tribute to its value as entertainment and assuming that readers would understand that it was distinguished for little else.

Dr. Cronin has chosen a subject, however, which makes necessary a more thorough notice, for it is a serious subject, and it may deceive people into thinking his book an equally serious book. Those priests whom our generation calls "liberal" or "radical" and an older generation knew by less pretentious names have been written about with distinction by some of the very few novelists who happen both to be Catholics and to have ability. Perhaps the best of this kind is George Bernanos's "Diary of a Country Priest." Dr. Cronin's book is about a mildly non-conformist priest whose character illustrates the power of virtue; yet it has been chosen as the August selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club; therefore it is likely to be praised for wrong reasons, and the Church perhaps will be seen in a false light.

It concerns one Francis Chisholm, a Scots priest, a good man, roughly comparable to the contemporary priests one finds in the labor and affiliated movements, but lacking their intelligence. For his time—roughly 1895-1935—Father Chisholm might have been considered radical. Dr. Cronin stacks the cards pretty crudely, however, by making virtually every other priest in the book into a stuffy, pompous caricature. All the things Father Chisholm believes and does are commendable. In the hands of a more subtle writer than Dr. Cronin, Father Chisholm would have been a profound and interesting character, and, as a symbol, a spearhead pointed at the pedestrianism and fatuousness which occasionally afflict a part of the clergy. But, although one wants to admire Father Chisholm, and although he is a fine, honest man, Dr. Cronin has made him also wordy and even, at times, a prig, with his pointed mouthings of pious banalities.

Dr. Cronin is nothing if not a devotee of action. Rape, murder, foundlings, beating of breasts, suicides and assorted violence stud his book thickly. Nearly all the characters are drawn in severe black and white. Despite his continual harping on the spiritual distinction of his hero, Dr. Cronin manages to have the priest achieve his victories by means of the crudest sort of physical coincidence. For example: commendably refusing to make "rice-Christians" when he is a missionary in China, Father Chisholm nevertheless gets the land and money for his mission by saving the life of the son of the local mandarin. When Chisholm, as a seminarian, is about to be disciplined

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for a breach of the rules, his enemy happens to read Chisholm's secret diary and finds out what a really pious guy Chisholm is. All is forgiven.

In its way the book represents a small tragedy. Such subjects need to be treated and have been treated by Mauriac, Bernanos, Graham Greene and Kate O'Brien. Undoubtedly Dr. Cronin's intention was good. It is painful to have to report that he has dealt with a great theme on too melodramatic a level. The result is indeed a "good story," but it is misleading. H. L. BINSSE.

SCIENCE

The Flower Family Album. Helen Field Fischer and Gretchen Harshbarger. Minnesota. $2.50.

ONLY PEOPLE who are not at all interested in flowers and botany, or else those who are already real experts on the subject, can fail to find this book most readable, interesting, helpful and attractive. It contains 458 portraits of flowers, the plants drawn to scale (presumably the average growth most familiar to the authors, who are residents of Minneapolis) and arranged according to families. The relationships follow Bailey's "Standard Cyclopedia of Horticulture" and Gray.

Besides the pictures of the flowers, the book gives a brief, running explanatory accompaniment, with description, restrained bits of folklore, ready tips on practical gardening, scientific information—all addressed to the amateur. In every case there is a clear guide to the pronunciation of the species and genus and family. The book has a good index.

The "album" of course does not pretend to take the place of a full field guide or cyclopedia. It is most useful as an introduction to the fuller works of identification and classification. An introductory page on "How to Use This Book" shows five broadly contrasting types of flowers, and refers to the pages where the plants which look something like them are taken up. Then, for each family there is special, detailed treatment of a sample or key flower. Still more attention to these keys—more detailed and clearer drawing, and longer description—might have been an improvement. On the page with the family "key," and for some families on several following pages, a representative collection of the more important species is presented. Use of the album undoubtedly makes it much easier to use the big books and it furnishes an agreeable, direct and gentle instruction in the increasingly popular field of horticulture and botany.

PHILIP BURNHAM.

The Lungfish and the Unicorn: An Excursion into Romantic Zoology. Willy Ley. Modern Age. $2.75.

THE USEFUL DOG and ox followed man from the steppes and forests of prehistory. The unicorn, dragon and basilisk followed too, splendid and terrible beasts. They were not entirely creations of man's fancy. Ancient representations of these and other mythological beasts show striking zoological probabilities.

Writing in an entertaining but scientifically accurate style, Mr. Ley explores the borderlines of the animal kingdom, examining, besides the mythological beasts, the group of animals recently extinct—auroch, dodo, passenger pigeon—and certain queer survivals from earlier geological eras—okapi, lungfish, horseshoe crab. There are many excellent drawings. The book will delight any reader with a curiosity about animals. It should become a perma-

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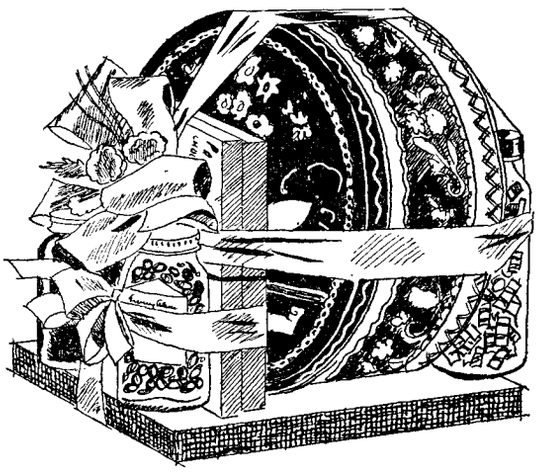

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nent favorite on the zoology shelf of high school and college libraries.

You do not have to go far to find examples of these borderline creatures. Among "living fossils" there is an okapi in the Bronx zoo, there are horseshoe crabs around Jones Beach, there are opossums in the Southern and Midwestern woods. In Maine, at the University, you may see a unicorn for the asking. This wonder got his single horn by virtue of surgery, but, says Mr. Ley, so did the ancient unicorn.

The author's conviction that the sea serpent exists is contagious. Popularly called a "serpent," it is probably a mammal, a dinosaur. There is no improbability in a dinosaur surviving into this age, and the earnestness and integrity of the many witnesses cannot be dismissed with a laugh. Many of us thought the Benedictines at Loch Ness were having a bit of fun with the press in their circumstantial accounts of a neighboring monster. They had almost made it a mascot of the Order. Mr. Ley sees no reason to doubt the seriousness of the monks, or of the many naval officers and merchant seamen who have made reports of the great beast. JAMES MC GOVREN.

BRIEFERS

Selections from Plato. Sir Richard Livingston. Oxford (World's Classics). $0.80.

THIS is another collection of excerpts from the writings of the great, with the limitations which such literary dissection entails. However, the selections are well chosen and carefully organized, and the whole is prefaced by an admirable analysis, by the editor, of the high spots in Platonic doctrine. The little book thus appears to be well suited to the modest end for which it is intended—to "introduce Plato to some persons who do not know him and encourage them to make his closer acquaintance." D. D.

Pillar to Post. Henry H. Curran. Scribner. $3.00.

AGENIAL, chatty autobiography of one of New York's more respectable and intelligent public servants, now Chief Justice of the Municipal Court, this book offers a good personalized account of politics and sociology as well as a moderately interesting success story. Mr. Curran is an inoffensively witty and an intelligently human character who encourages his readers to think somewhat less pessimistically of the perennial politician. F. X. C.

The Life of Sir Thomas More, Knight. Cresacre More. Edited and Modernized by James L. Kennedy. Riverside Press, Athens, Pa. $2.50.

St. Thomas More's History of the Passion. Translated by Mary Basset. Edited by P. E. Hallett. Burns Oates. 6/.

BOTH these volumes are to be welcomed by all lovers of Saint Thomas More and all those interested in the transition period of the sixteenth century, in the problem of Church and State, the greatness of the human person.

Cresacre More, a great-grandson of Sir Thomas, who lived from 1572 to 1649, wrote this first book. It's a biography which has remained relatively obscure and which certainly merits the editing given it by Mr. Kennedy.

The "History of the Passion" is the last work written by More himself; the translator was his own granddaughter. Monsignor Hallett presents this moving work, reissued for the first time since 1577, with excellent introduction and careful editing. P. B.

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The Inner Forum

EVER since Darwin galvanized public interest in the idea that the physical species of animals extant in the world today represent an evolution from prior types, that even man is a blood relation, however distant, of the apes, there has been a battle over evolution. The question is essentially one of fact: if clear evidence of evolution could be produced, in such form as not to leave any doubt in a reasonable man's mind, there would have been far less controversy on the subject. But unfortunately for the Darwinians, the evidence is not clear in any normal sense; nor could we fairly expect that it would be after the passage not only of hundreds but of hundreds of thousands of years. Indeed it is highly improbable that any evidential proof or disproof, other than by presumption, can ever be produced for any evolutionary hypothesis.

In the current issue of the *Ecclesiastical Review* (July, 1941) appears a brief resumé of Catholic opinion on the subject by J. Joseph Horst, S.J., professor of philosophy at St. Louis University. Father Horst points out a significant parallel in the history of science: "To the thoughtful observer the situation looks like a striking parallel to the heliocentric controversy at the time of Kepler and Galileo."

In other words the novel doctrine at first called forth the grave censure of a great many churchmen; then it began gradually to be accepted. The Church made no official pronouncement. Finally, as the preponderance of evidence began to make felt its weight, the theory more and more became current, so long as it was kept free of any elements which would tend to contravene theological doctrine.

Thus "Catholic writers have generally restricted the question to the origin of the human body because reason and revelation clearly point to the impossibility of the human soul arising from a material form. Most of them are willing to admit the mere possibility of the animal origin of the human body and even the possibility that this view may be reconciled with the texts of Genesis taken singly, apart from their context in the Bible as a whole, but they refuse to admit that the arguments adduced by the scientists prove it to be a fact."

Catholic authorities are not likely, then, to insist upon a literal interpretation of Genesis in terms of the physical body of man, but there is still considerable difference of opinion as to what the proper view should be. The most conservative might be that of Dr. Schmitt, as quoted by Father Horst:

Indeed "The results of science do not lead us to assume the descent of the human body from the brute. Instead of attributing too much of importance to immature monistic theories it is more important for a theologian again and again to point to the utterly unjustifiable and illogical methods of argumentation and thus to show that the doctrine of man's descent from the animal is but a groundless assertion of monism, but that true science knows nothing about the origin of man."

Yet Father Horst goes on to say: "A formal condemnation of the doctrine was never issued by the teaching authority of the Church."

He then refers to the decision of the Biblical Commission in 1911 "to the effect that the first three chapters

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of Genesis . . . must be regarded as historical documents relating facts and not parables." This, he feels, "no doubt exercised a great influence upon maintaining the traditional conservatism in the publications of Catholic writers." Yet it did not "checkmate further investigation into the question by Catholic scholars."

A number of more recent studies are cited: Felix Ruschkamp, S.J., in *Stimmen der Zeit* (March, 1939); P. M. Perier, "Le Transformism" (1938); William R. Doran in *Theological Studies* (December, 1940); H. Grenier, "Cursus Philosophiae" (1937). All of these seem to agree that "the body of the first man was not created in the ordinary sense of the world, but evolved naturally from the slime of the earth through the various stages of animal and vegetable life, until it reached that state of perfection in which it received from God the created soul, and became Adam."

In conclusion Father Horst quotes from Father Ruschkamp; part of the quotation is indeed by way of caution:

"The Church has the duty to await the clarification of the theory of evolution and the proof of its truth, and to condemn an atheistic-materialistic evolutionism. . . ." But "Since 1910 I have worked my way through to a recognition of the theory of evolution; its application to man I have, during these almost thirty years, come to know as possible, as probable, as certain.

"In the rather noisy battle of opinions disquiet and doubt have disappeared like a mist before the sun. Reverence and admiration, joy and gratitude were born of a biological totality view. Not through a spontaneous origin of being and life, but through a creative gift and dowry primitive life arose on this earth, unfolded itself throughout the ages, filled all spaces and ascended, not by chance but according to a creative plan, to a living being which the biologist designates as Anthropos and Homo as far as the body is concerned, without being able to solve the fundamental problem, the origin of the spiritual soul and its likeness to God. The order of nature had proceeded from God, the Creator; the unbroken stream of life returned to its origin in the God-man. He is the principle and end, the beginning and the goal of creation not to be surpassed any further. The cycle of nature is closed, the retrograde cycle of super-nature and grace is opened. 'What is born of the flesh is flesh, what is born of the spirit is spirit.' 'But to them who received Him He gave power to become the children of God.' Loudly there resound in our soul chords harmonizing with St. Paul's words: 'O the depth of the riches, the wisdom and knowledge of God.' "

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